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Poe's Run & Other Poems

By M'Cready Sykes



With Pictures by
Booth Tarkington
William B. Pell & Harold Imbrie



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To

Mary Louise

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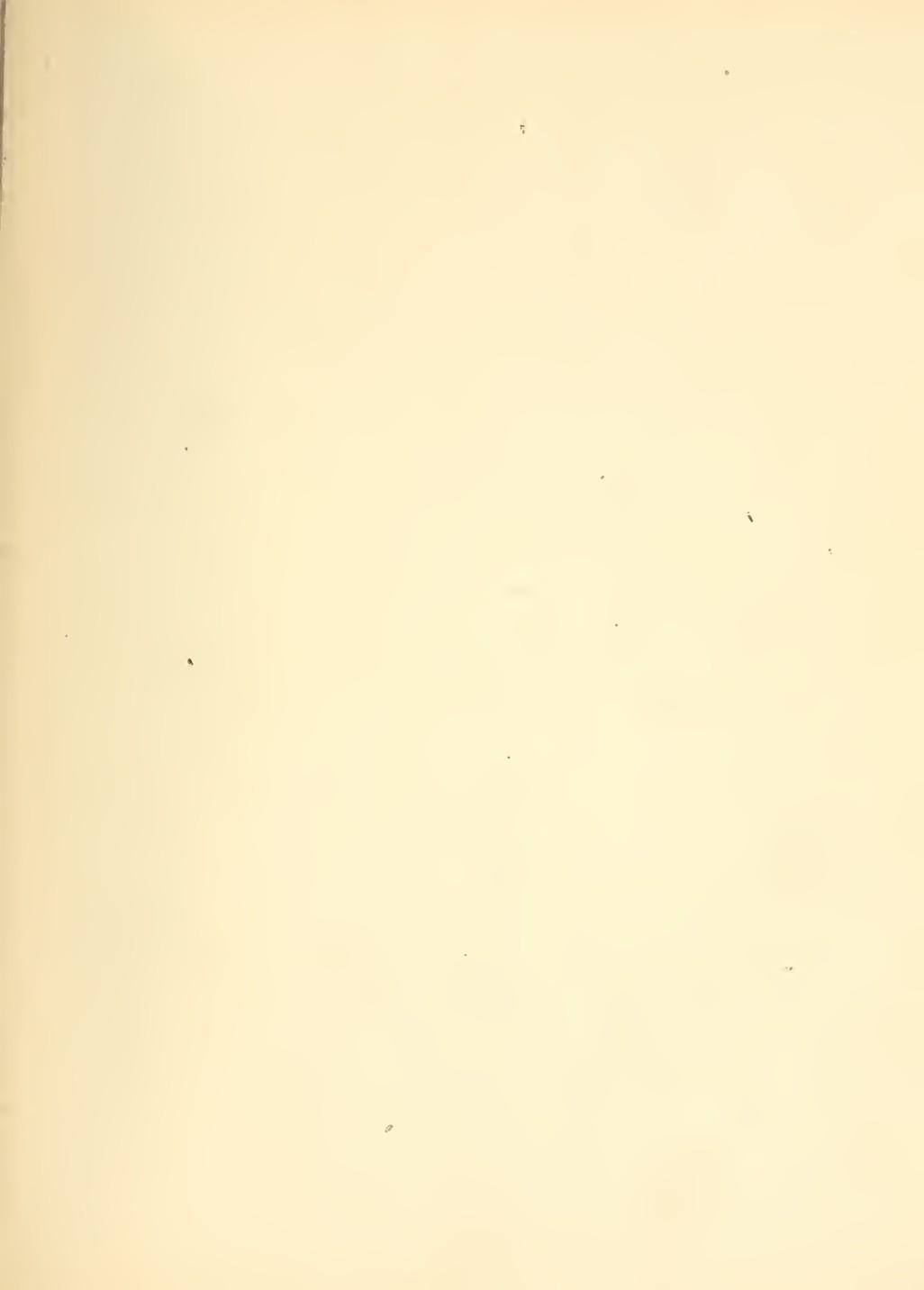
Christmas 1886



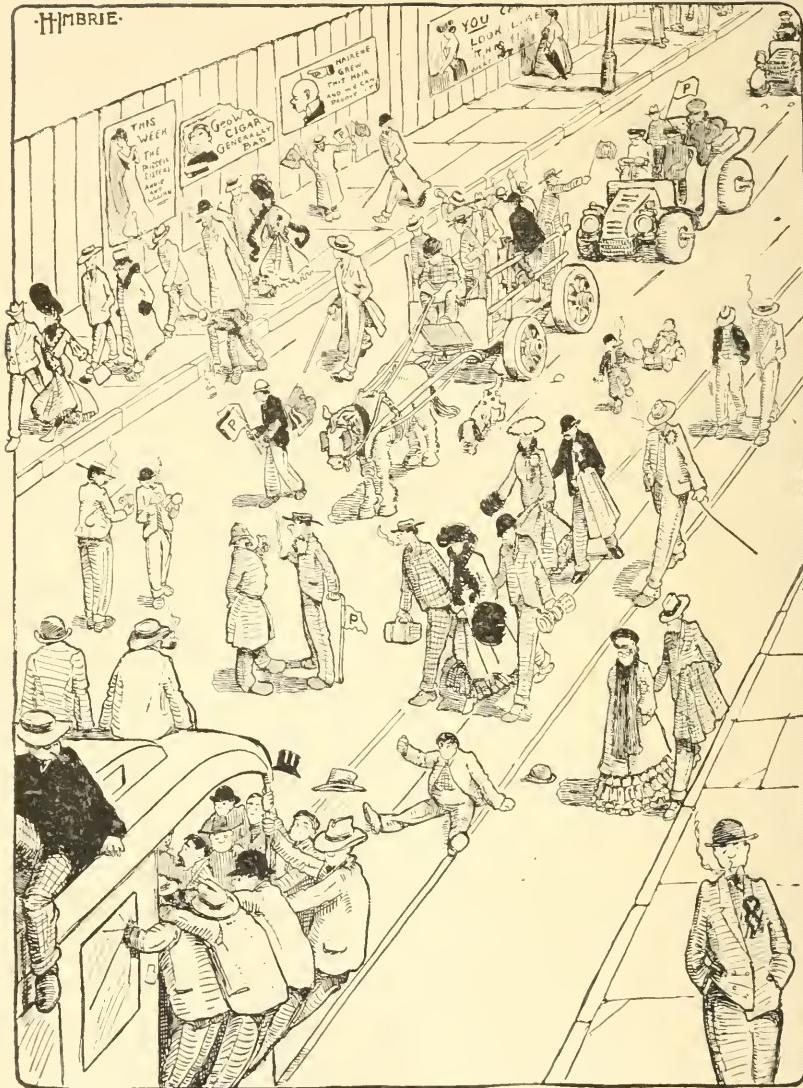
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POE'S RUN AND OTHER POEMS
WITH
THE BOOK OF THE CHRONICLES OF THE ELIS



HIMBRIE.



"Yea, in carriages and in trucks and in automobiles also; in trolley cars,
and in every creeping thing."

Poe's Run

AND OTHER POEMS

Being the true and authentic Narration of certain notable Games,
wherein are set forth many marvelous Good Deeds
wrought by the Princeton team; all
done into Verse in the Vulgar
Tongue:

TO WHICH IS APPENDED

The Book of the Chronicles of the Elis



BY

M'CREADY SYKES

WITH MANY PICTURES BY

Booth Tarkington

William B. Pell and Harold Imbrie

*"And when this worthy due hath thus ydon,
He took his hoost and hoom he rood anon,
With laurer crowned as a conquerour."*

—THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

Princeton University Press

Princeton

1916

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Poe's Run and Other Poems; with *The Book of the Chronicles of the Elises*. By M'CREADY SYKES. With many pictures by Booth Tarkington, William B. Pell, and Harold Imbrie. Square Crown 8vo. pp. viii + 92, \$1.00, net. THE PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS, PRINCETON, N. J.

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TO MY MOTHER

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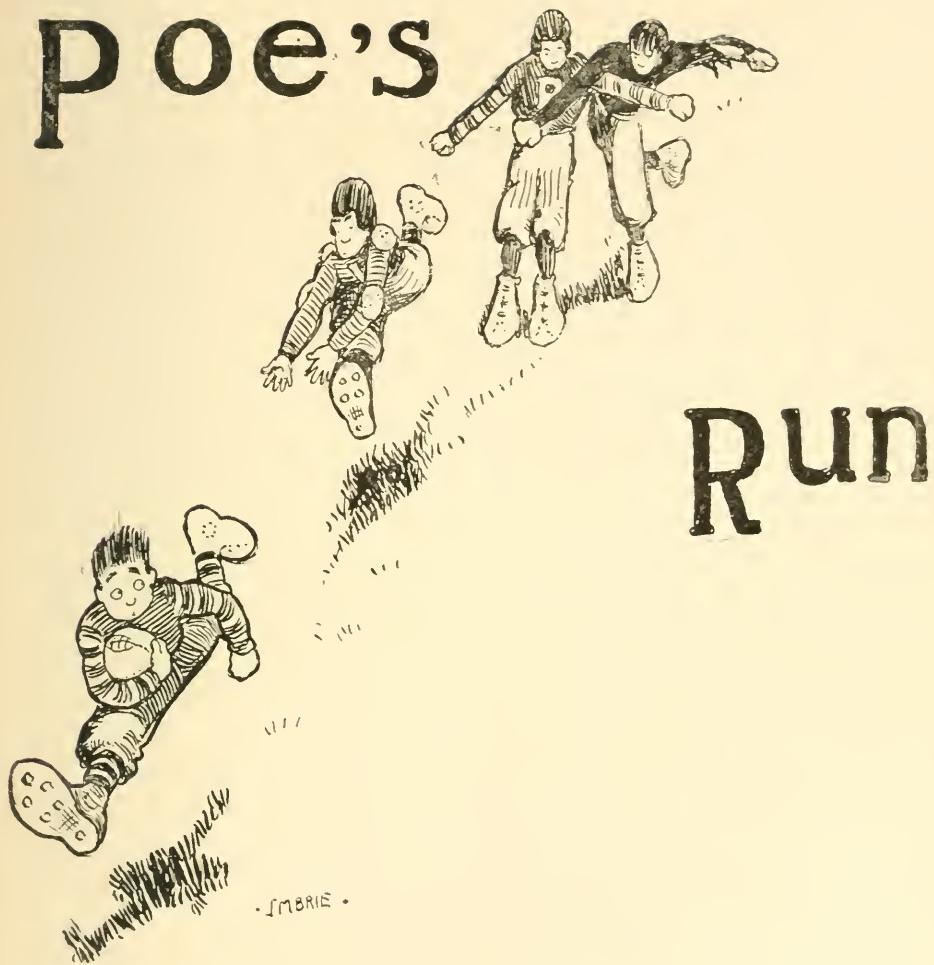
PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

It is perhaps superfluous to point out that this small book is put forth with no serious purpose on the part either of the author or the artists. The passing memorabilia of things not important in themselves may be of interest or amusement to those who follow college athletics. Our Yale and Harvard friends need hardly be reminded that in the ups and downs of our friendly rivalries those who joyfully celebrate Princeton's victories when it has been Princeton's turn to win, do so in no spirit of boasting. Like Charity, they vaunt not themselves and are not puffed up. May they hope that in contributing this trifle to the folk-lore of athletics, they may follow the Pauline parallel and that of them it may be said that they do not behave unseemly.

NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION

The verses "The PENITENT HARVARD GRAD" are reprinted by the kind permission of the publishers of "LIFE."

Poe's



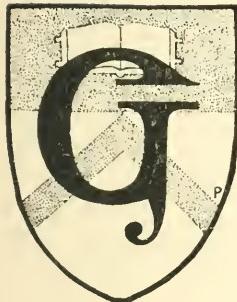
• JMBRIE •

POE'S RUN;

Being ye Ballade of

Ye Antiente Prophesye & ye Littel Poe.

12 November, 1898.



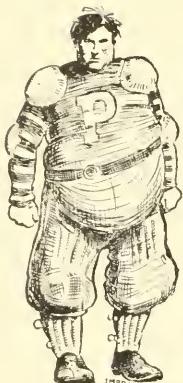
ODDE'S Blessynge on our noble Lande!
Give Eare, good People alle;
A myghtye Fyghte I have to tell
In Princetoune did befalle.

Yale's Feete-Balle Team hath travelled dounē
In Hose & Jerkyns fyne;
& yeye have sworne a myghtye Oathe
To crosse ye Princecoune Lyne.

POE'S RUN.

Ye Princeetoun Menne don canvasses Smocques,
& Armour on ye Nose,
Wythe orange P's across yere Chestes,
& Quarterynge on ye Hose.

Kynge Hillebrand hys myghtye Hoste
Hath mustered on ye Playne;
Palmer & Wheeler, Ayres & Booth,
& more I cannot name.



Edwards was there, & Crowdis too,
Among ye valiant Knyghtes;—
Crowdis, whom all ye Classes calle
Ye Manne of Seventye Fyghtes.

Kynge Chamberlain uponne ye Grounde
Hys azure Gauntlet flynges;
“Ye Thynges we'll do unto yon Teame,”
Quod he, “will not be Thynges!

A FIGHT LOOMETH UP.



"When ye Umpyre heedeth not"

"Yet alle shall play ye Game full fayre,
"Nor none shall work foule Hurte;
"For each hath ta'en hys Foeman's Hande,
" & wille not doe hym Dyrte;

"Not such as rageynge 'gainst hys Foe,
"Forgetteth Feete-Balle Lawe,
" & (when ye Umpyre heedethe not),
"Doth paste him in ye Jawe."

Ye Menne hath mustered to ye Fyghte;
Ye Worlde is there to see;
& alle ye People glad recalle
Ye Antiente Prophesye:



"Ye Antiente Prophesye"

*If Easte may turne again to dust;
Old Northe may crumble lowe;
But whyle Grasse growes and Watere runnes
Princetoune shall have a Poe.*

For Johnson Poe & Peter Poe
Hath borne her Bannere hyghe;
& John yclept, & lyttell Nat,
Hath made ye Elis crye.

Soe now when Arthur takes ye Fielde
Ye Elis weepeth stronge;
& rend yere Cloathes, & crye aloude,
“Howe longe, Oh Lord! howe longe?”



Ye Menne from Yale hath rushed ye Balle
Close to ye Tygeres' Goale;
& Princetoune cusseth tylle she rvskes
Her Presbyterian Soule.

MR. POE APPEARETH INJURED.

Againe Yale crashes through ye Lyne;
Againe & once againe—
God wot! but fifteene Yardes remayne—
& eke yeye make it tenne!

God's Rede! ye furiose Fyghte is fierce;
Yere plunge, & tackle lowe:
& in ye Onslaughte on ye Lyne
Hath cryppled Arthur Poe!

He rubbes hys Knee & lympethe sore,
And stryvenethe with Payne;
& Princetoune, quotha "Zounds! 'tis cleare
"He cannot playe againe!"



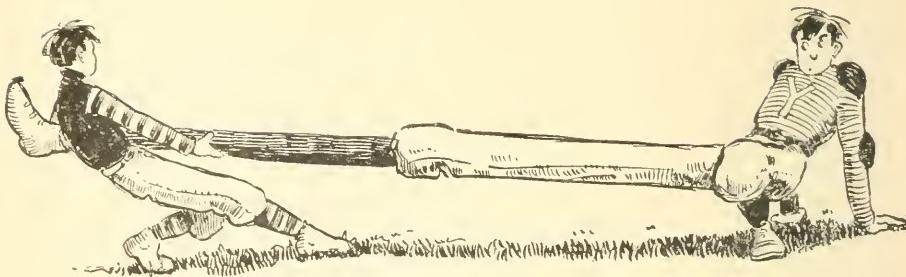
"Hath crippled Arthur Poe."

POE'S RUN.

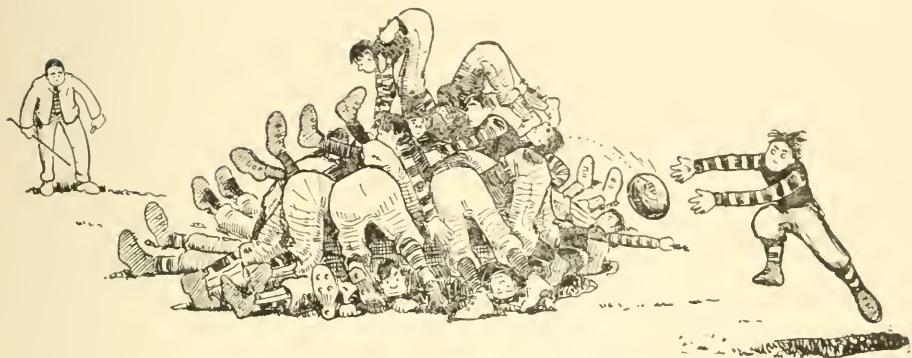
Durston hath glaunced a scornfullle Glaunce,
& on ye Tygeres turned;
& sayde, with supercilious Smyle,
"Y^e Prophesy be durned!"

Ye valiante Poe, though bent with Payne,
For once Chaunce more doth begge;
He wotteth welle *hys* Lymbe will last;
He pullethe Eli's Legge.

& nowe Yale taketh uppe ye Balle,
To consummate ye Cynche.
Ye Tygeres fyghte with horrid Frownie,
& Eli doth not flynche.



MR. POE DOTH CASUALLY PROMENADE.



"Ye feete ball poppeth out."

& never mortale Manne shall knowe
How ye Thynge came aboute—
But from yt close-pressed Masse of Menne
Y^e Feete-Balle poppeth oute!

& Poe hath rushed within ye Breache—
Towards Erthe one Second kneeled,—
He tuckes ye Balle benethe hys Arme,
& **saunteres** down ye Fielde.



From Eli's Lyne a Crye of Rage
 Doth rende ye quyverrynge Ayre,
 & all ye Teame with one Accourde
 Poursueth him for fayre.

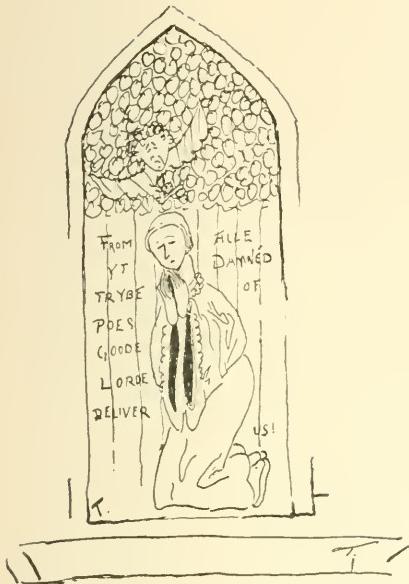
Lyke to a Whyrle-Wynde, swifte McBride
 Tears downe ye burnyng Course,
 & cries to Heaven: "A Horse! A Horse!
 "Mye Kyngedoume for a Horse!"

Poe heares ye crashynge Hostes behynde,
 Y^e weste Wynde fannes hys Face;
 Whenas, perceivynge of ye Thynge,
 He quyquenethe hys Pace.

Hys eyes on ye dystante Goale;
 He lookes behynde him not,
 But from ye Scripture learned in Youthe
 Rememberethe Mrs. Lot.



HE MAKETH A STRONG FINISH.



Ye Multitude doth yelle & shouute;
Ye Tumulte fylles ye Ayre;
& Gabriel noteth on hys Sleeve—
“Ye Welkin needs Repayre.”

Ye Elis tears in fierce Pursuite;
But Poe eludes yem alle;
He rushes 'twixt ye quyverrynge Postes,
& sytteth on ye Balle.

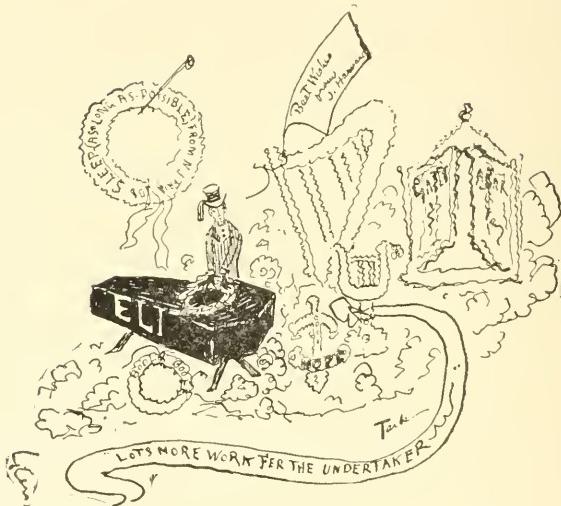
Soe, in ye Mannere here writ dounie,
Did Princetounie wynne ye Fyghe;
& Yale hath made a mentale Note,
“Ye Prophesye's all ryghte.”

& Edgar Allan Poe ye Greate—
Ye Wrytere of sweet Prose
& Poesie—henceforth is called,
Ye Uncle of ye Poes.



POE'S RUN.

& toe ye Lytanye in Churche
Ye Elis addeth, thus;—
“From alle yt damned Trybe of Poës,
“*Goode Lorde deliver us.*”



POE'S KICK.



POE'S KICK;

Being ye Ballade of

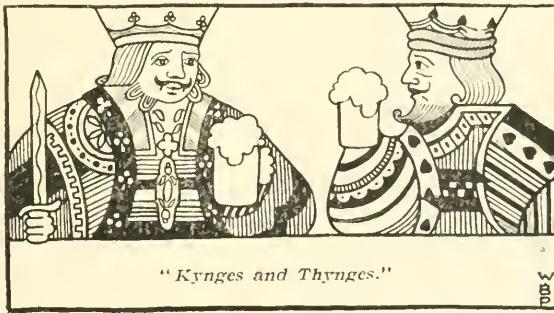
Ye Holye Manne & ye Sorroughyne Youthe.

25 November, 1899.



HOLYE Manne hys merrie Chaunte
Adoune ye Roade he synges;
& wynkes & blynkes & thynkes of Drynkes
And synges of Kynges & Thynges.

And as he strolled adoune ye Roade—
Ys^santiente Confessoure,—
He met a Youthe that wrunge hys Handes
And beate hys Breste full sore.



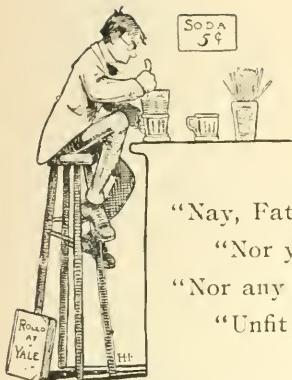
"Oh! sorroughyng Youthe, come tell me **true**,
 "What vexethe of yye Soule?"
Quod he, "Alas! my Synne is greate,—
 "Good Fathere! make me whole."

"And hast thou lookest upon ye Cuppe,
 "Or drunke of dyvers Drynkes?
"Or hast thou been—speke Truthe, my Sonne—
 "Profane upon ye Lynkes?"



"My Synne is Great."

FALLING FROM GRACE



"Nay, Fathere, I have drunke no Wyne,
 "Nor yet partooke of Beere;
 "Nor any Wordes have spake at Golie
 "Unfit for thee to heare.

"Nor yet partooke of Beere."

"But heavye, heavye is mye Soule,
 "& sad mye Harte within;
 "For I have uttered in ye Churche
 "An awful Prayere of Synne.

"Noue by my Neckerchefe of blue,—
 "(Oh! lysten to my Tayle—)
 "Thou knoweste, Fathere,—Woe is me!
 "I am a Sonne of Yale!"

"Ye Sonnes of Yale I know full well.
 "& orthodox is Yale;
 "She holdeth true ye Hystorye
 "Of Jonah & ye Whale."

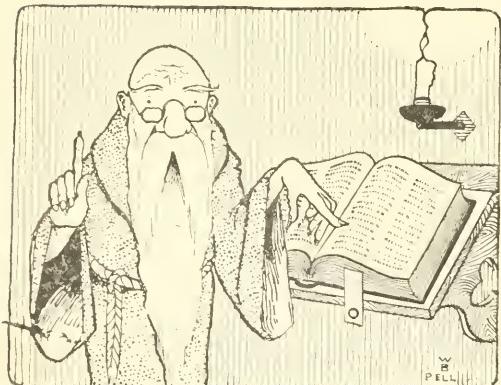


"She holdeth true ye Hystorye
 "Of Jonah & ye Whale."

POE'S KICK.

"Yea, orthodox we doubtless be,
 As many Bookes may prove;
"Yet we have synned, one and alle,
 & broke ye Lawe of Love. .

"For alle last Yeare, each Sabbath Daye,
 In Churche we prayèd thus--
"From all yt damnèd Trybe of Poes,
 "Goode Lorde, deliver us!""



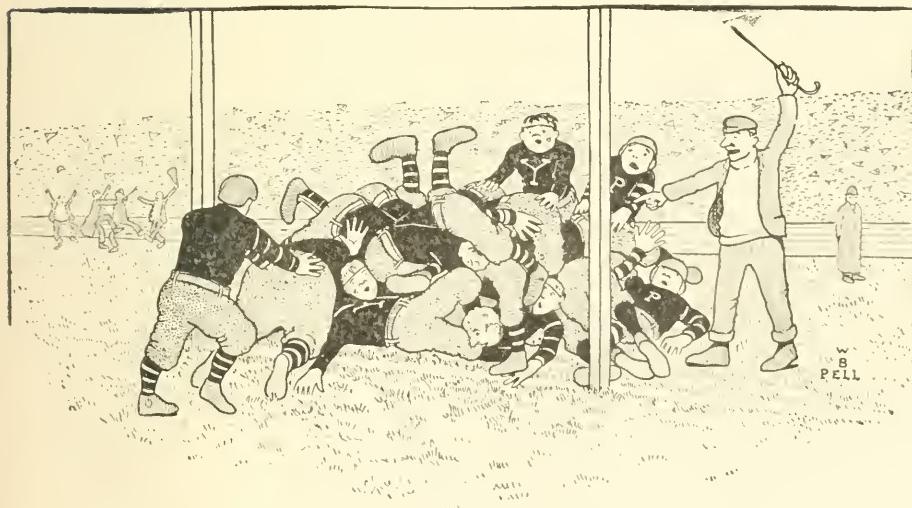
"Oh Youthe! & thou didst wrong
 to curse;
"A synfull Prayere. I ween;
"Mark well ye pious Rule layde
 doun
"In Romans xii, 14."

WARS AND RUMOURS OF WARS.

“But heavey had ye Race of Poes
“Afflicted us full sore;
“& for yt wyckede Prayere noue Heaven
“Hath vexede us some more.

“Since Poe hys Runne a yeare had passed;
“& to retreeve yt Daye
“We challenge Princetoune to our Gates
“To meet in bloodye Fraye.

“Ye Fyghte was fierce, and lustylye
“Ye rampante Tygeres played;
“& ere ye Game was scarce begun
“A Touche-Doune had yeye made.



"But nevere daunted, faste and fierē

"Oure Teame ye Foe assayle;

"Beholde, we blocke yere frustrate Kycke,

"& score fyve Poyntes for Yale.

"And noue oure Shoute of Tyumphe loude

"We swell, and telle fulle welle;

"Nor quelle ye Yelle, but yelle lyke Helle,

"& felle pelle-melle on Pell.

"Ryghte well doth Pell ye Yelle repelle,—

"Ye Score proclaymes our Fyxē,

"& while quycke Lyckes myx thycke with Kyckes

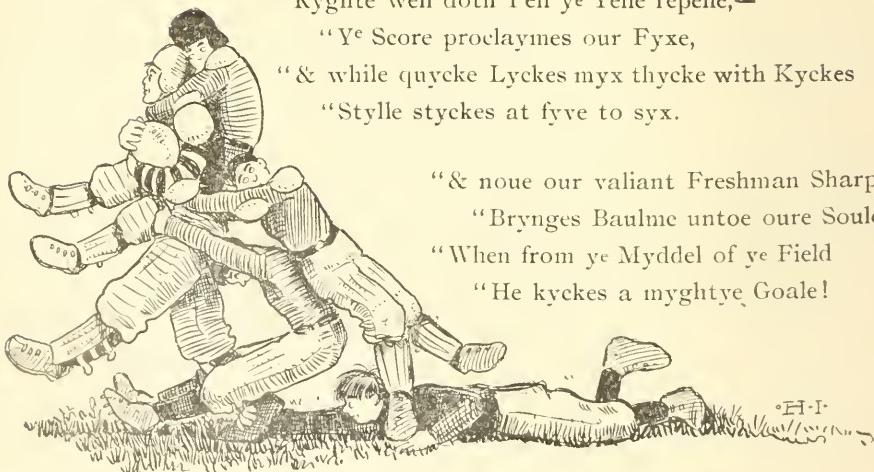
"Styllē styckes at fyve to syx.

"& noue our valiant Freshman Sharpe

"Brynges Baulme untoe oure Soule,

"When from ye Myddel of ye Field

"He kyckes a myghtyē Goale!



THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

“& alle our Menne in glad Acclav’ne
“Give forthe a myghtye Cheere,
“& offere Oddes upon ye Game
“Of Champagne ’gainst ye Beere.”

“What nexte? What nexte? Make Haste,
fayre Youthe!
“I must away to Masse;”
“Lo! Reiter makethe twentye Yarde
“Upon a double Passe.

“Soe faste ye Game, soe furious—
“Soe fierce ye Fyghte & sore,
“Ye Tygeres fallethe one by one
“& ryseth uppe noe more.

“Great Hillebrand from off ye Fielde
“By very Force yeye pulle—
“Greate Doc, who struck three Elis oute,
“With alle ye Bases fulle.



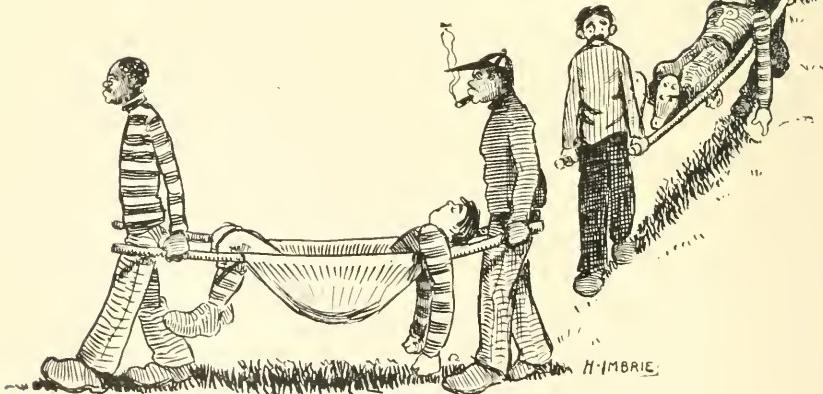
“I must away to Masse.”

POE'S KICK.

"Noue Palmer falles; noue Wheeler dies;
"Noue Booth & Reiter go;
"Of ye fyrste Teame none noue remaynes
"But Edwards, Pell & Poe."

"Swete Youthe, I wot Yale had ye Cynche
"When yus ye Tygeres fell!"
"Nay, Fathere! playne thou haste not hearde
"Ye Tayle at Yale yeye telle.—

"Houe, when yeye teache ye Algebra,
"Yus doe yeye wryte it doun—
"Yt greater is fyve Feete of Poe
"Yn Harvard square plus Broune.



GAUDEAMUS!

“When Yale falles backe toe catche ye Puntes

“Poe dartere rounde oure Defense,

“& maketh Fincke exceedyng close

“Resemble \$.30.

“Ye Tygeres playe ye better Game,

“But not enough toe score,

“& for we helde yem o'er and o'er,

“Forbore toe score for more.

“But noue ye Fyghte is almost done;

“Ye Sonne in Glorye sets;

“& in swete Fauncye eke we spende

“Ye Procedes of our Bettes.

“Ye Game is noue ye same as wonne;

“Ye Tygeres hold ye Balle;

“But lyttel Good yeye gayne therebye;

“Yeye cannot score at alle.



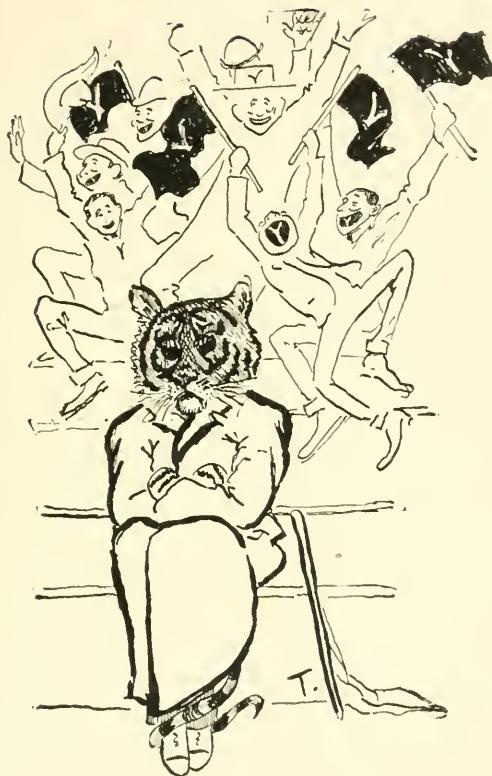


“ Wythe thyrtye yards to Eli’s Goale;
“ Ye Tygeres feele smalle Joye;
“ Ye Dystance loomes as vast as from
“ Schenectadye toe Troye.

“ Searee thyrtye Seconde yet remayne;
“ We sygnale for ye Hackes—
“ When suddenlye a sycklye Chylle
“ Pervadithe of our Backes.

“ For Edwards eke demands a Kycke,
“ & lo! ye fatal Tune,
“ When Poe replies, ‘πειράσθομαι
“ ‘δέ προσέχειν τὸν νοῦν.’ ”

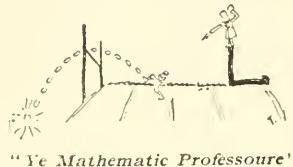
A BLUE TIGER.



POE'S KICK.

“Then quycke our Handes we claspe in Prayere
“& softylye whysperethus—
““Noue from yt damnèd Trybe of Poes,
“‘Goode Lorde, deliver us!

““Goode Lorde, deliver us! Goode Lorde”—
“Yeye passe ye Balle belowe;
““(Twas lowe, and soe 'twas apropos
“Untoe ye Toe of Poe).



“*Ye Mathematic Professoure*”

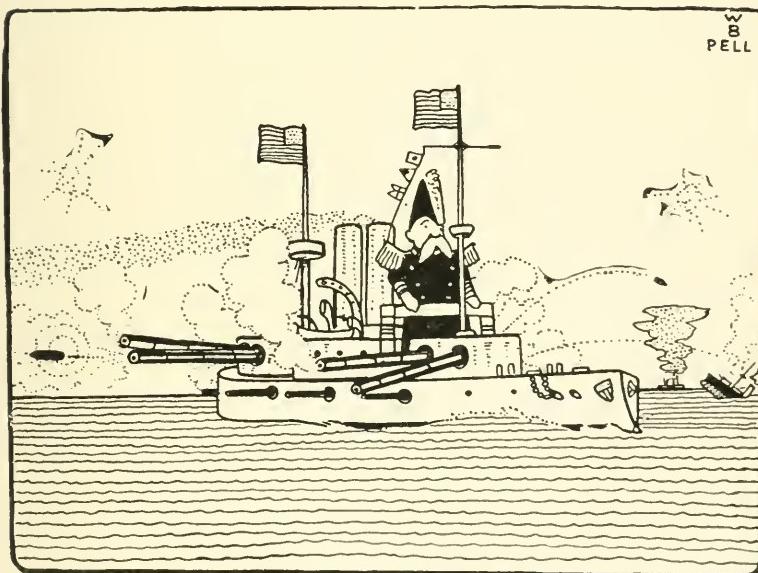
“Ye Mathematic Professoure
“Lookes doun, and cries, ‘Ha! Ha!
““To kycke ye Goale Poe needes must make
““A true Parabola.

““Ye Goale is safe; ye Talke of Feare
““Is naught but Persiflage;
““Wythe yt short Legge ye Youthe hath not
““Sufficient Leverage.’

A MARYLAND HIGH BALL.

“But Arthur Poe hathe kyckt ye Balle
 “(Oh, woefulle, woefulle Daye!)
“As straighte as myghtye Dewey's Gunnes
 “Upon ye fyrste of Maye.

“Straighte flyes ye Balle; McBride dothe crye
 “Upon ye cursèd Syghte;
““Oh! woulde to God I had yys Houre,
 “Bill Libbey's Tayle-less Kyte.””



*“As straighte as myghtye Dewey's Gunnes
 Upon ye fyrste of Maye.””*

POE'S KICK.

"Yus Fathere, Princetoune wonne ye Game,
 "And I have synned yus—
"For in my Wrathe I cryed loude;
 "Oh, damn yt lyttell Cuss!"



"Oh damn yt lyttell Cuss!"

"McBride hath ta'en Bill Edwards' Hand;
 "Edwards McBride's hath ta'en;
"Noue, bye ye Shade of Witherspoon,
 "I grete yee for a Manne!"

"McBride hath lookt him 'twixt ye eyes;
 "Our Names by Fame be writ;
"Far fitter to have fit yys Fyghte
 "Yan fifty Fyghtes I've fit."

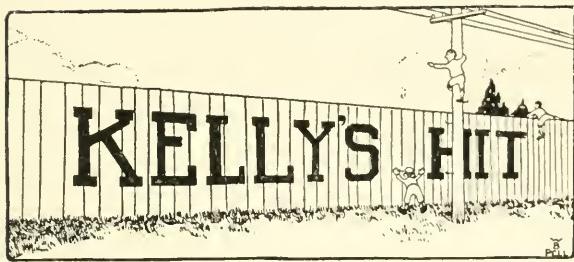
Ye Fathere smyled: "Mye sorroughyne Youthe
 "No Tayle-less Kyte, I deem,
"Yale needed; thou shouldst eke have asked
 "A Poe-less Princetoune Teame.

A SILVER LINING.

"But for yye synfulle Prayere, 'tis past,
 "& thou art punisht sore;
"In Heaven 'tis written yt ye Poes
 "Shall flouryshe more and more.

"But for yyselfe, when twice syx Moones
 "Hath round ye Worlde revolved,
"Go, wax ye Harvardes offe ye Erthe.
 " & ye shall be absolved."

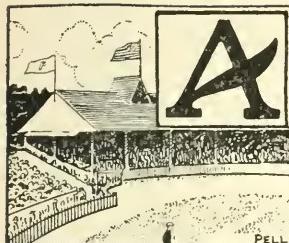




KELLY'S HIT.

23 June, 1896.

"He seen his duty and he done it."



TTEND, good folks of every sort; give ear unto my tale,
The while I tell that wondrous game the day we played with Yale.
It happened in the month of June when all the fields were green,
And Eli's sons were gathered there, and many a jag was seen.

Right merry rang the bells of Yale to greet the festal day;
The flags were streaming from her towers and all her streets were gay.
For now the mighty day was come, a fateful day to be,
When Eli's star should blaze on high or sink beneath the sea.

For twice two times the nines had fought; yet meet once more they must;
For twice had Princeton lost, and twice had Eli bit the dust;
And on whose brow fair Victory now should place the laurel crown,
For them to-night the beer should flow; nay, they would own the town.

All Eli's sons are in the place; they fill the ancient town,
With tens of thousands pressing close to see Nassau thrown down.
Yet stayed the Tigers not away, though small their band and few,
Strangers within a hostile town whose very skies were blue.

KELLY'S HIT.



With joyful shout they board the train, Duke Burleigh in the van;
Patsy Durand, and Williams, too, the literary man.

And now Bert Milbank climbs aboard, prepared to do his stunt;
Likewise Jim Blake, that full-back staunch who never missed a punt.

Now Andy Imbrie and his pa, Phil King and many more;
Bill Meredith, and Ralph D. Smith, and Humphrey, '94;
With jovial soul they shout and sing and raise the lusty cheer:
And loud the Princeton slogan rings—"More beer; More beer; More beer!"

Down those old grads' exultant throats the amber liquid sped;
And many a Tiger tosses high his fast expanding head.
New Haven comes; they line the field; the teams come trotting out;
"Play ball" and Yale bangs out two runs, and all the Elis shout.

Now Titus takes the Tigers' bat; a hush comes over all.
He fans the air; the Yaleses root; he cannot find the ball.
The game goes on with breathless pace, with Yale two runs ahead;
One innings' past; the second's gone, and still the Elis led.

NECK AND NECK.



But Alec Moffatt, stout of heart, cries with a mighty shout,
"Boys, Princeton never lost a game till the last man was out!"
Then Jerry Bradley makes for first, and runs on Smith's misplay;
And Easton knocks and gets his base, but not content to stay;

For now great Kelly, strong of arm, steps forth with mighty stride,
And cracks the welkin with the ball, and lo! the score is tied.
And then from out that Princeton gang goes forth a mighty cheer
That thunders through New Haven's walls and fills Yale's heart with fear.

Five innings: two to two; no change: but hark to Princeton's din!
As Smith runs round and gets to third, and Bradley knocks him in.
And now the Princeton rooters howl; the tumult sounds afar;
And Freddy Moses' voice rings out with "S-T-A-R—Star!"

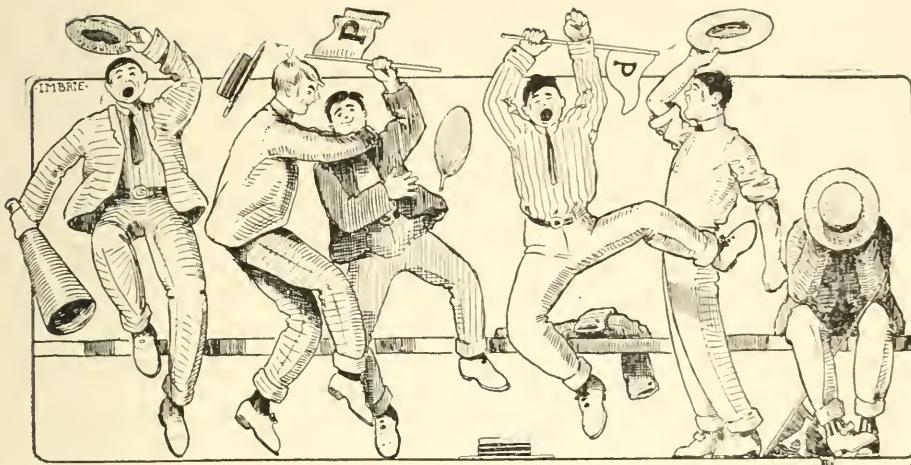
But brief the Tigers' triumph now; their cheer dies to a wail
As Trudeau bangs a three-base hit, and Bartlett scores for Yale.
One howl from Yale; then all grows still; men's hearts beat fast and high,
And still the mighty game goes on, and still the score's a tie.

KELLY'S HIT.



The pace is waxing fierce and hot; now neck and neck they run;
Hushed is the crowd in dread suspense, and Fentress' voice is dumb.
Ten innings played; the score's still tied; again Yale fails to score;
And Princeton puts two men on base, and needs one good hit more.
"Who's next to bat?" One smashing hit—one hit will pull her through—
And lo! the cheers break out afresh as Kelly looms in view.
He stoops and kneels before the plate and dusts it with his hat,
Like to that mighty man of yore, great Casey at the bat.
The banners wave; the rooters howl; wild fury seizes all.
"Now hit 'er!" "Tear em up!" "Raise hell!" "Oh, Kelly, swat the ball!"
"Knock her a mile—run like Sam Hill—Oh, give the ball a welt!"
But Tracy Harris lifts his hand—"Keep quiet, Westervelt!"
And Kelly smiles a dreadful smile, and hitches up his belt.
And now the ball comes crashing on; he strikes mid wild huzzas;
Good Lord! the ball flies straight to heaven, and smites the glittering stars.
And as around the walls of Troy of old great Ajax ran,
So Kelly now sweeps down the field, and all the gods look on.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.



"Run, Kelly, run!" and swift and sure he tears nor looks aside;
The coaches yell—the dead might hear—"Don't stop—*Slide, KELLY, SLIDE!*"
He's safe! Hurrah! The day is won! They throng upon the field,
And bear great Kelly high aloft, their buckler, sword and shield.

Oh, gray hills of New England, your brows are bathed in gloom;
The foe is in your very walls; the trophy's left your room.
Oh, gray hills of New England, all vanquished lies your love;
The blue falls trailing to the earth; the orange waves above.

And still when old grads gather round, the pleasant tale is
told;

And still we talk of Kelly's hit, and how we won it cold;
And tell, the while with joyous soul we quaff the foaming
ale;

Of how the championship was won the day we played with Yale.





*Reception of the news at the University
Club of Waxituckee, Oklahoma.*

STEINWENDER'S CATCH.



STEINWENDER'S CATCH.

7 June, 1902.



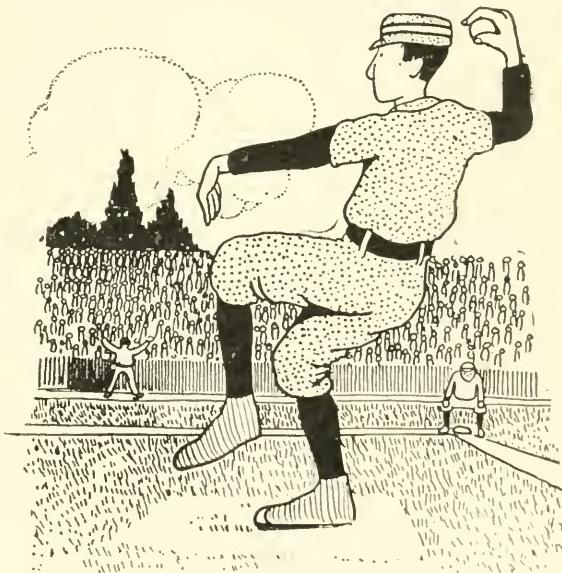
HIS is the tale of Steinwender, Steinwender the 'Varsity Captain Leader he of the Nine assembled to battle with Eli.
Now was the game advanced, lo! even unto the ninth inning;
Several runs ahead was Princeton, yet doubtful the outcome.
Suddenly, as though inspired by love, or the mumps, or religion
Eli had taken a brace, and was raising particular Hades;

Swatting out singles with
unction and eke the festive
three-baggers.

Roused was the soul of Stein-
wender, Steinwender *der
hochwohlgeboren*;

Fierce was his soul as he
mused on the things he must
do unto Eli;

Holding fast in his mind cer-
tain dire forebodings of evil,
Wherein was duly set forth
the foreordained slaughter
of Princeton.



PELL

STEINWENDER'S CATCH.



Hence on the part of Steinwender considerable feeling existed.

Loud rose the cries from the bleachers: "The Elis be gain-ing upon us!"

"Lo, they are on to our curves and next to the wiles of the pitcher!"

Loud were the shouts from the grand-stand and shrill was the drone of the bagpipes;

Fierce rose the roar of the rooters, and, like to the scene told by Virgil,

Exoritur clamorque virum clangorque tubarum:

Greater far than the din of the steeds and the galloping horsemen:

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

Forth strode the Eli batsman, all horrid and bristling with mulse,
Casting a look of scorn on Steinwender, surprisingly slender,

As if to say: "Give attention, just fasten your optics upon me,
"While I make your Princeton fielders resemble five cents and a quarter."

Swift came the ball o'er the plate by the hand of the pitcher delivered;

Fierce was the stroke of the batsman, swatting the ball like the devil;

Swift flew the ball at the impact, tearing hell bent for election,

Cleaving its way as it sped through the circumambient ether,

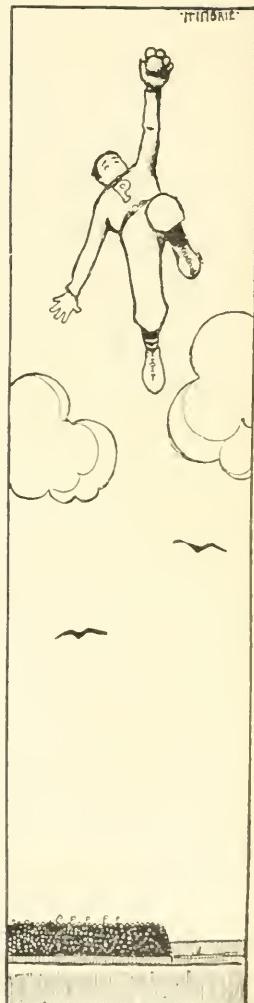
Leaving behind in its train fire, gleaming, a terrible pathway;

Scorched was the air with the friction, and charred and discoloured the leather;

Thus flew the hurtling spheroid, impelled by the stroke of the batsman.

GETTING CELESTIAL.

Then indeed were the souls of the Princeton rooters
in trouble;
Beating their hands on their breasts and crying in
accents of anguish,
"Naught can stop the ball; behold it will fly unto
Trenton—
"Peradventure not land short of Havre-de-Grace or
of Richmond."
Then up the pallid form rose of Steinwender, the
'Varsity Captain,
Steinwender, second basemen, Steinwender *der hoch-*
wohlgeboren;
Swiftly uncoiling his length and lifting himself by his
boot-straps,
Vaulted high in the air and was lost like a speck in
the distance;
Calling to mind the passage of Quintus Horatius
Flaccus,
Struck with his head sublime the high vaulted dome
of the Heavens.
So swift he sped through the air, that the crowd
could scarcely distinguish,
Gazing up, which was the ball, or verily which was
Steinwender.



STEINWENDER'S CATCH.

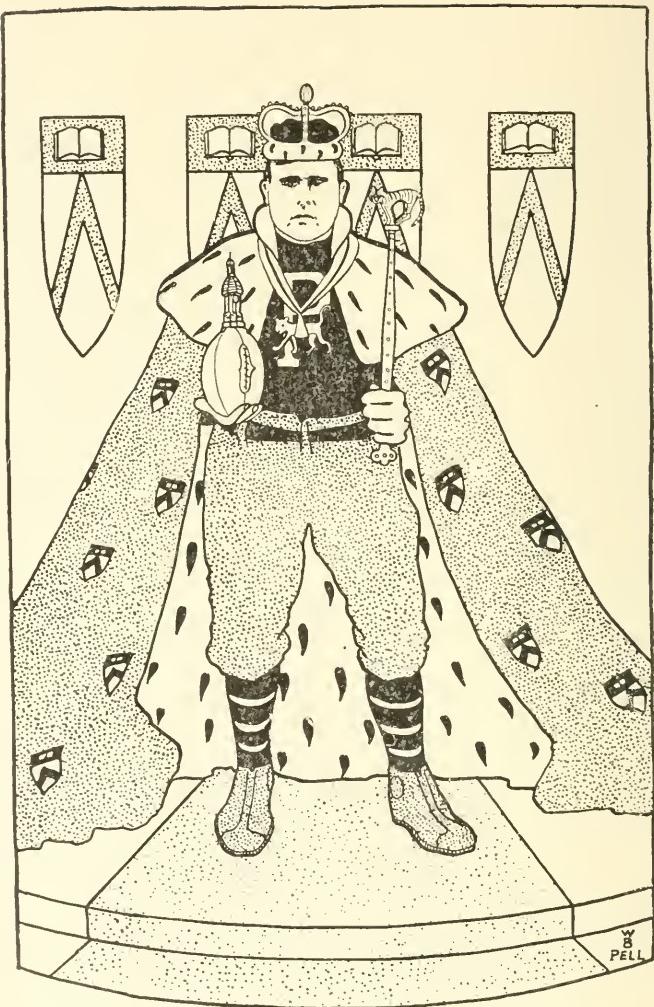
And as he sped through the air there came to his mind in remembrance
Base-ball heroes of old, the doughty chiefs of the diamond,
Larry Young '92 and Larry's small infant, the Mascot;
Doc Hillebrand the mighty, and Home-run Charley Mackenzie,
Him who hammered Harvard's hopes, and visions of Kelly.

And as he thought of these heroes his soul was roused up within him,
Saying, "As these did before thee, so now must thou do unto Eli!"
Then with a mighty effort, with one hand to Heaven uplifted,
Seizing the ball he grasped it, and curled it round in his fingers;
Back again dropped unto earth and sank to the regions terrestrial.

Such is the tale that they tell of the marvelous catch of Steinwender,
Spinning the pleasant yarn as they gather about in reunions.
Long after we and ours are gathered down under the daisies;
When all our names are forgotten, in yet-to-be-born generations;
Maidens and men shall recall the glorious catch of Steinwender—
Carve in enduring bronze the name of *der hochwohlgeboren*.



THE BOOK OF THE
CHRONICLES OF THE ELIS.



"Be thou King over us."

Page 49.

THE BOOK OF THE CHRONICLES OF THE ELIS.

14 November, 1903.

CHAPTER XLII.

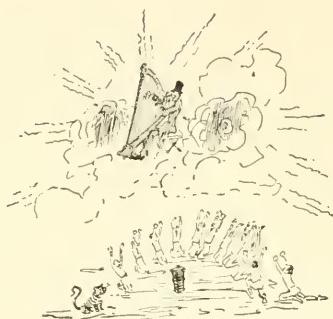


NOW it came to pass in those days that there was much grief in the land of Nassau.

2. For behold a whole generation of the house of Nassau had lived in the land, and had seen the foot-ball team go forth to do battle against the sons of Eli, yea in three mighty battles;
3. Now the sons of Eli were sons of Belial; they knew not the Lord.
4. And the sons of Eli had smitten the sons of Nassau hip and thigh, and had mightily prevailed against them.
5. So that in all that generation of the house of Nassau not once had the children of Nassau prevailed against the children of Eli.
6. (Howbeit they had beaten them at baseball, and had made the sons of Eli look like unto five cents and two bits:)



"Now the sons of Eli were sons of Belial."



"See visions and dream dreams."

7. Wherefore was there great lamentation among the children of Nassau, and they sat in the chief places and tore their hair, saying;

8. "Our old men do see visions and dream dreams, and do talk to us of the mighty men of yore, speaking often of Lamar, of Alec Moffat and of Hillebrand also, yea, of Bill Edwards and of all the Poes;

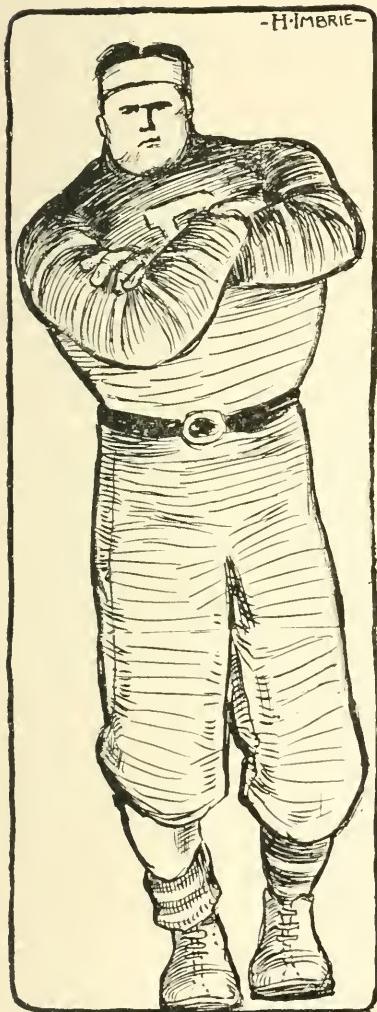
9. "How they redeemed the House of Nassau out of captivity, and brought them forth rejoicing:

10. "Yet now hath our generation tarried long in the land, yet have we seen no victory, neither have the years brought us triumph."

11. And the chief men and the scribes and certain of the Faculty consulted the records and looked upon the ancient writings;

12. And they said "Never before hath this happened in Nassau, that a whole generation should go forth and never behold a victory."





13. So the sons of Nassau took counsel together and said, "Come, let us choose a king over us."

14. And they chose one John De Witt, even De Witt the mighty, and said "Be thou king over us."

15. Now De Witt was strong and well favoured and mighty in stature, and the span of his chest was two cubits:

16. And De Witt gathered together a band of warriors, yea, all the cohorts and the strong men and them that had learned to fight:

17. And when the sons of Eli heard thereof they laughed, and became exceeding scornful, saying, "Lo, these be easy marks: let us crush them off the earth."

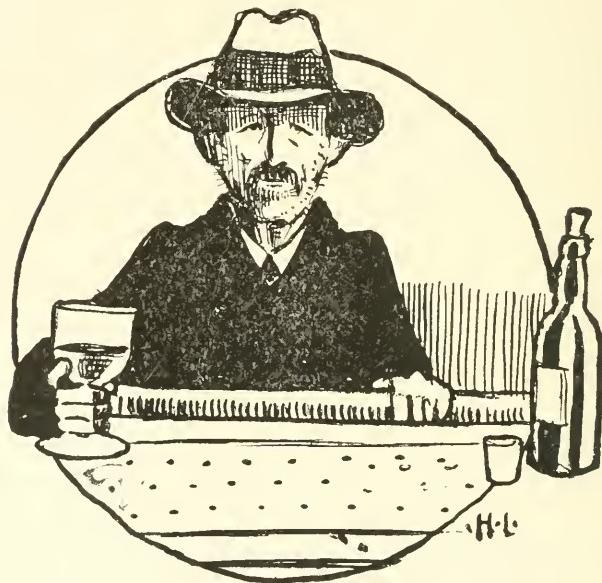
18. So the sons of Eli came out for to do battle against the sons of Nassau;

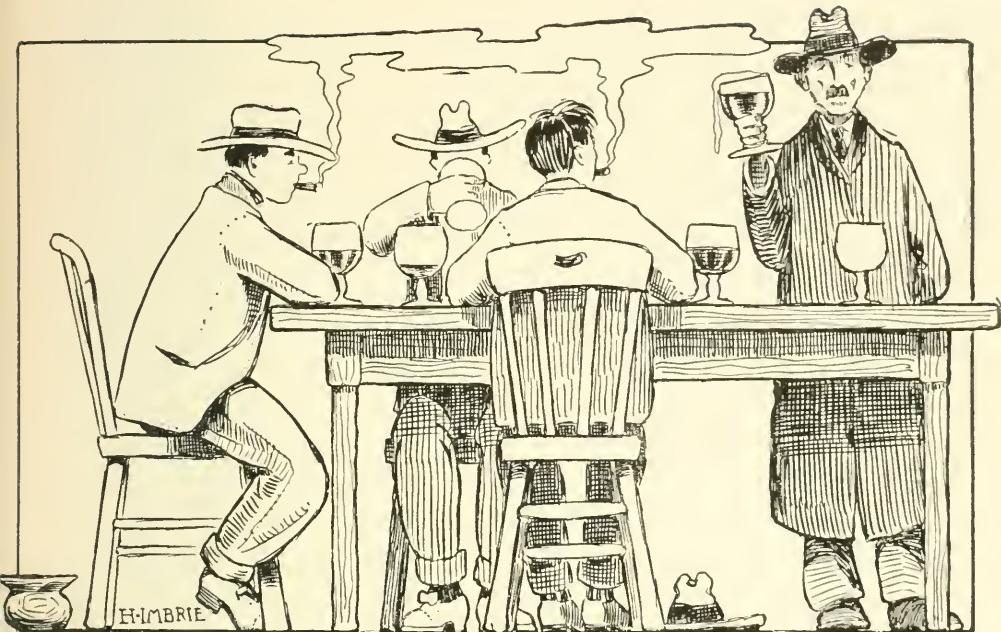
19. And behold! a great multitude was gathered together for to see the fight, and they came from the east and from the west, and from the uttermost parts of the earth.

20. Now there abode in the land of Nassau an ancient prophet; and his name was Hell-Devil Skillman.

21. And he was ancient in vestments and was a mighty seer (for he that is now called a prophet was beforetime called a seer):

22. And he looked often upon the wine when it was red.





23. And Hell-Devil Skillman came into the chief places where the children of Nassau were gathered together, and being moved thereto by the spirit of prophecy he lifted up his voice, saying:

24. "Lo! it shall come to pass that there shall be a mighty fight between the children of Nassau and the children of Eli;

25. "And the children of Nassau shall prevail, and the score shall be eleven to six."

Born at our Chapel
Cap de Mat

Dear Sir

We have to be arranged Sat
morn. At 10 will be
Benedictine Mass

Yale 6
and don't you forget it
Yours & S. Nassau

26. And he took a parchment and did write thereon, saying "The children of Nassau shall prevail against the children of Eli, and the score shall be eleven to six."

27. And the children of Nassau did mock him, saying "Go up, thou dreamer."

28. And they said "He hath a familiar spirit, or peradventure he is drunk with new wine."

29. "We know there shall be a mighty fight and we believe that the children of Nassau shall prevail; but no man can tell the score; for the score is even as the Spirit, and bloweth where it listeth; and when this man sayeth that the score shall be eleven to six, behold! he is a fakir!" And they laughed him to scorn.

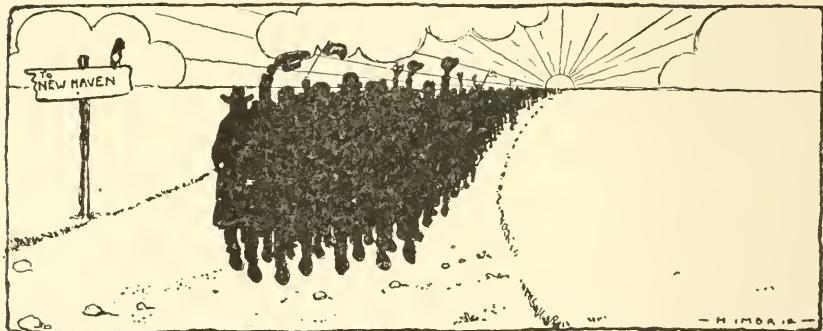
30. But De Witt, when he had hearkened unto the words that Hell-Devil Skillman had spoken, and had looked upon the parchment, called unto him one of the wise men, even Johnny Poe.



31. Now Poe was mighty in council, for he had been a warrior of Nassau aforetime, and had fought in the uttermost parts of the earth, and had slain many, even Filipinos and Moros, so that men called him "The Scourge of the Philippines."

32. So De Witt called Poe unto him, that he might have a witness; and he took the parchment that Hell-Devil Skillman had written, saying that the children of Nassau should prevail, and that the score should be eleven to six:

33. And De Witt, when he had showed the writing unto Poe, put it in his bosom and fastened it with a safety-pin.



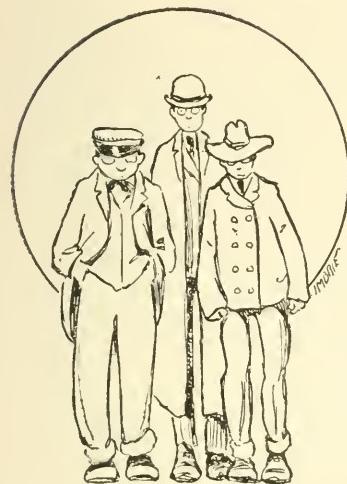
34. And all the children of Nassau went out to the fight, yea, with drums and banners;

35. And of all the tribes of Nassau there were sealed that day unto the fight twelve thousand of each tribe.

36. Of the tribe of Witherspoon were sealed twelve thousand.

37. Of the tribe of Reunion were sealed twelve thousand.

XLII. FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN.



"*Mostly pollers.*"

38. Of the tribe of West were sealed twelve thousand.
39. Of the tribe of Edwards were sealed twelve thousand, (mostly pollers).
40. Of the tribe of Dod were sealed twelve thousand.
41. Of the tribe of Brown were sealed twelve thousand.
42. Of the tribe of University were sealed twelve thousand.
43. Of the tribe of Blair were sealed twelve thousand,
44. Of the tribe of Little were sealed twelve thousand.
45. Of the tribe of Upper Pyne were sealed twelve thousand.
46. Of the tribe of Lower Pyne were sealed twelve thousand.
47. And there was Grover Cleveland also, for he was of the house and lineage of Nassau;
48. And had been ruler aforetime over all the land, over Nassau, and over the land of Eli and over all lands, from Palm Beach even unto Tacoma.
49. And he was a just man and one that feared the Lord, and feared no one else:
50. So that men said "Would that he were ruler over us even once again."

51. So they all came into the land of the Elis, advancing in a mighty host and singing psalms and hymns and spiritual songs.

52. And the children of Eli beheld them afar off, and certain of the Elis came and spake privily unto certain of the children of Nassau, saying:

53. "Lo! Now there shall be in the land a fight, even a mighty fight such as hath not been seen, no, not in Eli:

54. "And peradventure it shall go ill with Eli on that day;

55. "Or peradventure it shall go ill with Nassau, for no man can tell;

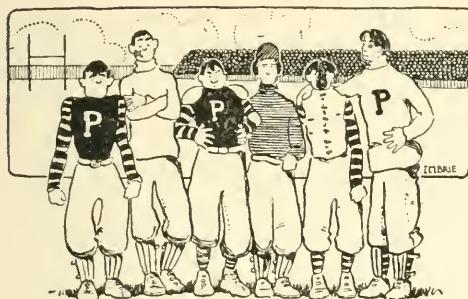
56. "Howbeit we verily believe that Eli shall prevail and shall utterly rout her foes;

57. "Come, therefore, let us make a wager together, for behold we have divers bills that must be paid, and we have need of cash:

58. "Let us take therefore the cash that we possess, and do ye do likewise, and let us put it up on the fight;

59. "Lo! here be two shekels, and the half part of a shekel;





60. "Put up, therefore, even one shekel, so that altogether there be three shekels and the half part of a shekel;

61. "And if it come to pass that Eli shall prevail, then shall the whole belong to us;

62. "But if Nassau shall prevail, then shall ye keep the whole, and shall go your way rejoicing;"

63. For it was commonly said in the newspapers, "The odds be two and a half to one on Eli."

64. And the children of Nassau did as the children of Eli had asked of them, and put up every man according to his means.

65. Some one shekel and some ten shekels, and some fifty, and some an hundred shekels;

66. Even as the children of Eli had asked of them:

67. For it is written, "He that provideth not for his family hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel."

68. And after they had all put up, there was not left among the children of Eli so much as five shekels.

69. And the children of Eli wagged their heads and said, "Verily, this is a cinch."

70. Now all the multitude was come out for to see the battle;



71. Yea, in carriages and in trucks and in automobiles also; in trolley cars and in every creeping thing:

72. Now when the warriors of Eli were come to do battle against the warriors of Nassau, they came together with a mighty shout.

73. And for a time the sons of Nassau did prevail against the sons of Eli, and did rush the ball even into Eli's twenty-five-yard line:

74. Then the ball was given unto Eli;

75. And Eli waxed fat and kicked;

76. But after they had kicked they gat the ball again by reason of a fumble;

77. And it came to pass that the ball was in the middle of the field:

78. Then the children of Eli strove mightily, and they rushed the ball even unto Nassau's fifteen yard line:

79. And there was one Hogan, a mighty warrior of the Elis, and he was a tower of strength unto the sons of Eli that day;



"A tower of strength."

80. The children of Eli took up the ball, and Hogan led them, and they crashed through the line of Nassau.

81. And with a mighty rush they crossed the goal-line and did make a touch-down.

82. And after they had made a touch-down, they did kick therefrom a goal.

83. Then was there great rejoicing among the Elis;

84. They lifted up their voice and cried, "Lo! now we have them on the run."

85. They danced in their joy, and sang;

86. Singing of Boola, and of Eli Yale, predicting much increase of work for the undertaker, and certifying that now was all hope banished out of Nassau.

87. But De Witt answered them, even in the self-same words where-with Ahab the King of Israel sent answer unto Ben-Hadad King of Syria, saying, "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

88. Now when the children of Eli had the ball again, it came to pass that they brought it very nigh unto the goal of Nassau.

89. But when they were come nigh they failed to advance the ball, and they passed it back unto Mitchell of the Elis, that he might make a goal from the field.

90. But when the ball came into the hands of Mitchell, it were as though his hands had been covered with butter.

91. And De Witt coming terribly upon him, bent down to the earth and gathered up the ball into his bosom;

92. And while the sons of Eli were endeavouring to articulate "John, Son of Robinson," behold! De Witt was half way down the field.

93. For seizing the ball, he began to run with it, and was as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race.

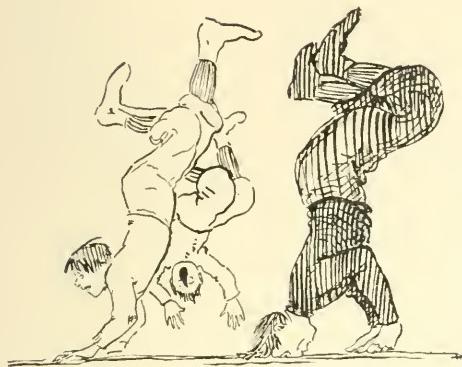
94. Lo! now, his strength is in his loins, his neck waveth like a cedar;

95. He chaseth over the earth, and terrible is his going; like unto a whirlwind, and a tornado also;

96. At his left hand runneth Henry, even Henry the Mighty, and he cleaveth the air like a sabre:

97. And when the sons of Eli would fain have come nigh unto De Witt, then did Henry have compassion upon them, for he gave them much godly instruction, and did teach them to walk upon their hands.





"Godly instruction."

100. So that the back of De witt was naked and bare, and the sun did beat thereon.

101. Now the back of De Witt was wondrous fair to look upon, for the muscles stood out like the billows of the sea:

102. And the children of Eli, pursuing him with a mighty shout and looking afar off upon the back of De Witt,

103. Cried out, "Oh, Lord! how beautiful are thy works!"

104. Then there was mighty shouting from the children of Nassau and from all the stands round about.

105. The sons of Nassau rose and yelled, invoking the favour of the Lord upon De Witt, and exhorting him to run like hell.

106. He ran, he rushed, he swept over the earth; he ran, he rushed; where he ran, there the air was cloven asunder.

98. And the children of Eli, pursuing De Witt, were like unto a freight-car that followeth a Mauser bullet.

99. And it was so that De Witt's jersey had been torn off in the fight, even the whole of the hindermost part thereof, and there remained not one thread upon another:

107. He threw back his head and tore mightily over the earth; fierce was the breath of his nostrils and his lungs were working overtime:

108. He swept over the earth, that ancient earth, yea, the very firm earth, and tarried not in his going; terror and majesty were round about him, and all the host of the Elis followed him behind.

109. And when he had gone over all the territory of the Elis he ran behind their goal-posts:



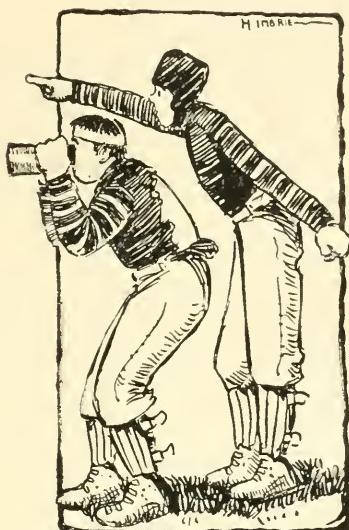
110. (Now there was much green grass in the place:)

111. And he searched about for a piece of ground that he might put the ball upon the earth;

112. And when he had found it, he touched down the ball.

113. And after a time they brought him a long-distance field-glass; and De Witt examined the glass, and adjusted it to his vision:

114. And when he had adjusted it, so that he might see withal, he looked afar off into the territory of the Elis, and said, "The Eli team cometh into sight."



"The Eli team cometh into sight."

115. Then he kicked the goal, and the score was a tie, so that no man might say that Eli prevailed, nor yet that Nassau prevailed.

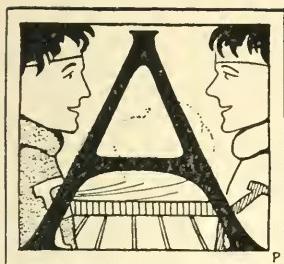
116. For the score was even according to the saying, for it was six of one and half a dozen of the other.

117. And when they had fought yet a little more, they forebore for a season and withdrew every man to his tent.



"And he lay wounded in his tent."

CHAPTER XLIII.



ND it came to pass, when the time was come that they should go forth again to fight, that they all came out and fell to fighting mightily.

2. And after a time the children of Eli rushed the ball until it had come close unto the goal of Nassau, even unto the eight-yard line.

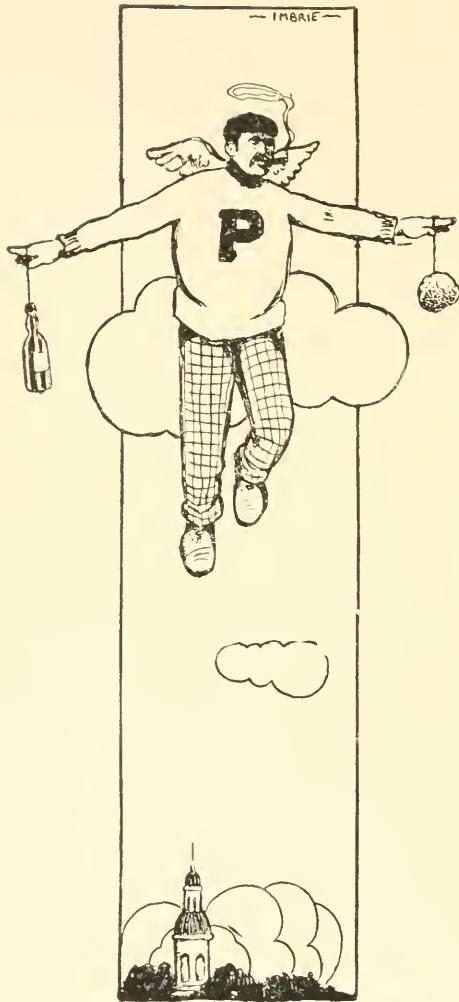
3. But when they would fain have rushed again through the line of Nassau, they found it solid as a stone wall.

4. And they said, "It is easier for a camel to enter the kingdom of heaven than for the Yale backs to go throught De Witt."

5. And there was one Foulke, a warrior of Nassau, and he had been wounded and could not fight that day.

6. And he lay wounded in his tent and bitter sorrow came into his heart, and he wept because he could not fight.

7. And an angel of the Lord came unto Foulke in his tent, and comforted him, saying "Weep not because thou mayest not fight this day; for there be other mighty fights, and thou shall lead thy people forth to victory!"



8. And the angel said: "All hail! Foulke! thou shall be king hereafter," and departed out of the tent.

9. And when the children of Eli gathered together to rush the ball even once again, they made a solid heap, and fell one upon the other.

10. And Roraback, a son of Eli, did casually drop the ball, and it fell upon the ground.

11. And the children of Nassau were mingled together with the children of Eli, and they stuck fast one to the other, and were so close together no air could come between them.

12. And the ball was like unto a grain of mustard seed hid in three measures of meal.

13. And after a season, when they had pulled off all the men that were piled one on the other, behold! the children of Nassau held the ball.

14. And all the hosts of Nassau set up a mighty shout.

15. Now after a time, the sons of Eli had the ball again, and they brought it unto Nassau's twenty-five yard line. And great fear came upon the children of Nassau; but the sons of Eli were filled with exceeding great joy.

16. For now was the ball near unto the goal of Nassau, and Eli held the ball.

17. But when the sons of Eli had tried even the third time to rush the ball, De Witt lifted up his voice, saying:

18. "The children of Eli have not advanced the ball five yards; let them therefore give us up the ball."

19. And Rafferty said, "Verily, we have advanced it five yards."

20. (Now Rafferty was king over the Elis.)

21. Then said McClung, who was Referee that day, "What shall I do?

22. "For behold, one sayeth, 'Lo! we have advanced the ball five yards,' and another sayeth, 'Not so, for they have not advanced it!' What then shall I do, or wherewithal shall I answer them?

23. "I am resolved what I will do; I will call unto me the head linesman, even Wrightington, and whatsoever he sayeth, that will I do."

24. So Wrightington came over, and brought with him stakes, and a cord, and set them in the ground; and he kneeled on the ground and measured it, even with curious instruments.

25. And after he had measured it a long time, even to the uttermost part of an inch

26. (Now all the multitude was hushed to hear what he should say:)



"And Metcalf of the Elis wept and tore his hair."

30. And great strength came unto them that were fighting for the house of Nassau that day: and they tore up the line of the Elis.

31. And even as the children of Israel passed through the waters of the Red Sea, and were dry;

32. So now the children of Nassau carried the ball through the rush-line of Eli, and the rush-line of Eli parted when Nassau smote it, and divided upon the right hand and upon the left, and the children of Nassau passed through between.

33. And Minds, the Umpire that day, did frequently put penalties upon the Elis, for holding and for playing off-side;

34. Saying unto them, "Go back now five yards," or "Go back twenty yards," as it might be, even according to the rules.

35. For Minds was a just man and no respecter of persons.

36. And the children of Eli were sore amazed at the rulings of Minds, and astonished at his doctrine.

37. And it came to pass that, although the children of Nassau did fight better than the children of Eli, yet did the afternoon wax late, and they feared lest darkness should come upon them;

38. The night, even the dark night, when no man can fight.

39. And they cried out, "Let not darkness come upon us, and let not this generation pass away without a victory, even a victory over Eli."

40. And the sons of Nassau and the sons of Eli were fighting together, even as no fight had ever been before;

41. And it was about the fifth hour, and the score was six to six, and there was but one minute left to fight.

42. And when there was but one minute left to fight, it came to pass that Bowman, the Eli, standing behind the goal line of his own people, did kick the ball, and it went through the air and came towards the earth, even unto Eli's forty-three yard line.

43. And Vetterlein, of Nassau, stood in the path of the ball, and beheld it coming toward him; and he reached forth his arms and caught it.

44. Then the Devil cometh privily unto Vetterlein, and whispered in his ear, saying:

45. "Run now with the ball, for there be no Elis on thy right hand, neither on thy left,

46. "So shalt thou make a grand-stand play, and many shall admire thee, and shall clap their hands, saying, 'Great is Vetterlein!'"

47. And Vetterlein said, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

48. And he stood fast, and stuck his heel in the earth:

49. So that the people bethought them of Martin Luther, when he was in the Diet of Worms:

50. How he stood steadfast, and yielded not, saying: "*Hier stehe ich; ich kann nicht anders; Gott helfe mir. Amen.*"

51. Which being interpreted is: "Here I stand; I can do no otherwise; God help me. Amen."

52. So stood Vetterlein on that day, and the children of Eli, looking upon him, how he wavered not nor moved;

53. Were filled with admiration, and said, "He hath the courage of his convictions; yea, he hath the strength of Gibraltar."

54. Then because it was a fair catch they gave the ball unto De Witt, that he might try if preadventure he might kick a goal.

55. And they held the ball for him, and he stood long before it, and looked steadfastly upon it, that he might kick it straight and true.



56. And the children of Eli, standing a little way beyond, threw up their arms and waved them in the air, and did mock De Witt, saying: "Thou canst not kick the ball."

57. And he laughed them to scorn.

58. And when he had looked long upon the ball, and upon the goal, he advanced toward the ball and did kick it mightily with his foot.

59. And it came to pass, when the foot of De Witt struck the ball, that the angle of incidence was equal to the angle of reflection: even as it is written in the Book of Magie's Physics.

60. And certain of the by-standers said unto the children of Eli: "Ye men of Eli, why stand ye gazing into Heaven?"

61. And the ball went through the air, over the heads of the children of Eli, even between their goal-posts:

62. And when it had gone altogether over the cross-bar, it fell rapidly, like unto United States Steel.

63. So the children of Nassau overcame the children of Eli that day;

64. That it might be fulfilled which was written of John De Witt in the old time.

65. "*Orange boven, De Witt onder :*

"*Wir meent den anders die flæt den donder.*"

66. Which being interpreted is,

"Orange above, De Witt under;

"Let the guy who denies it be slugged by thunder."

67. And the children of Nassau remembered the words that Hell-Devil Skillman had written before the fight, how that Nassau should prevail, and the score should be eleven to six.

68. And all the hosts of Nassau rushed down upon the field with a mighty shout, and great was the noise thereof.

69. And the '94 band was there also, and the skilled musicians, and all the sons of Nassau, yea, all the mighty host; and they that had been in Nassau aforetime;

70. Crying praises and thanksgiving, and making a mighty sound upon the earth.

71. Leaping in joy and dancing and crying: "Great is De Witt!

72. "Great is Short, and King also; mighty is Dillon; and who shall prevail against Davis?

73. "Praise be to Kafer, for his head is like unto a burning bush, and hath become this day our oriflamme of war!"

74. "Canst thou draw out Vetterlein with a hook, or stop the rushes of Cooney?"

75. "Who shall tell the valour of Hart, or stay the course of Miller?"

76. "Mighty is Reed, and terrible in his great strength; great is Burke; and Henry shall be honoured for evermore."

77. "Let all them that are of the house of Nassau give thanks and rejoice, for greatly hath Nassau carried herself this day."

78. "So long as men shall be upon the earth, yea, our children and our children's children."

79. "So long shall they tell of this day and of them that have fought for us, and of their marvelous deeds."

80. So all the hosts of Nassau gathered together upon the field where they had fought the battle that day, and according to the custom that is in Nassau, they did all with one accord rejoice, and they lifted up their hats, lifting every man his hat, and did stand up and sing with a mighty shout, saying:

81. "Tune every heart and every voice:
 Bid every care withdraw!
 Let all with one accord rejoice
 In praise of Old Nassau—
 In praise of Old Nassau, my boys,
 Hurrah; hurrah! hurrah!
 Her sons will give while they shall live
 Three cheers for Old Nassau!"

W
8
PELL



IN·PRAISE·OF·OLD·NASSAU



So did our forefathers when they fought at Bunker Hill."

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CHAPTER XLIV.



HERE was a man in the land of Massachusetts Bay, and his name was John, surnamed Harvard.

2. And he was rich and had many flocks and herds; and stocks also, for it was before the days of Steel.

3. And they that dwelt about Massachusetts Bay said "Behold! we are the salt of the earth; let us send our children

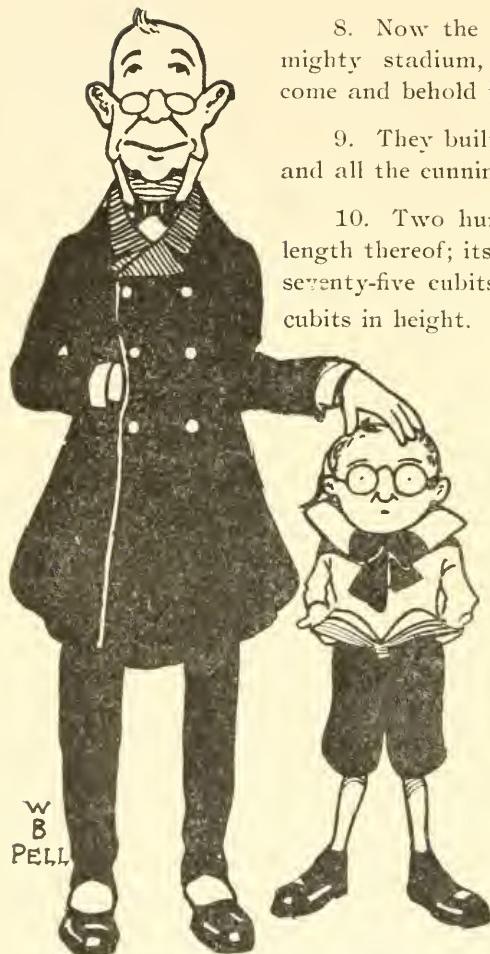
unto this man John, that he may give them godly instruction."

4. So they founded a school, and called it after him; wherefore is it called Harvard College, even unto this day. And many generations lived therein, and their seed were as the sands of the sea and could not be numbered for multitude.

5. And in the latter days the children of John, being full of years and wisdom, took counsel together, and said "Come, let us send a challenge unto the children of Eli, that they come and fight us," for they said "The sons of Eli be sons of Belial."

6. And certain of the wise men, being children of John, said, "Let us do not so, for it is written 'History repeateth itself,'" but they laughed them to scorn.

7. So the children of Eli came up into the land of John for to do battle.



"They that dwelt about Massachusetts Bay."

8. Now the children of John had built a mighty stadium, that all the world might come and behold the fight.

9. They built it of carven stone and of steel, and all the cunning artificers did work thereon.

10. Two hundred and fifty cubits was the length thereof; its breadth was an hundred and seventy-five cubits; and it was eight and forty cubits in height.

11. The walls thereof were inlaid with jasper, and beaten gold was upon the floors;

12. And at every ten cubits' length there was a panel of brass set in the wall thereof, and on every panel was writ this legend: *Veritas*:

13. Which being interpreted is "To hell with Yale."

14. And upon the four corners of the outer walls they set them up four graven images, even the images of the four heroes of the sons of John, and the four graven images stood four-square to every wind that blew:

15. Now these be the names of the four heroes of the children of John, that stand upon the four corners of the stadium.

16. On the northernmost corner stands John, surnamed Harvard.

17. On the east corner, towards the rising sun, stands Higginson, the Friend of Youth and Well-Beloved, for he thought it a shame to die rich.

18. Looking to the south stands the graven image of John, surnamed the Orange Man.



19. Facing the setting sun stands Theodore the Strenuous, and the rays of the sun fell upon his teeth, so that they shone withal.

20. And when the stadium was finished, the children of John said: "Let us fight the children of Eli within the walls of the stadium, that we may dedicate it with a mighty victory."

21. For certain wise guys of the sons of John said "Lo! now for five and twenty years have we fought the children of Eli; yea, on Jarvis field; on Soldiers' Field, on the Yale Field, and on Springfield Field; let us now try the stadium; peradventure the luck will turn."

22. So the children of Eli came within the stadium, and so likewise did the children of John.

23. Now Rafferty was king over the Elis in those days, and had called unto him all the strongest men of the children of Eli, for to do battle; and whenever he found a strong man, whether he dwelt in Oshkosh, or Hartford, or Kalamazoo, he said, "Come into the army and fight against the children of John."

24. For Eli was no respeeter of persons.

25. But the children of John said unto certain of their strong men, "Go up now and sit upon the bleachers, and come not into the fight."

26. And they would not let them fight, because their fathers abode on the wrong side of Beacon Street.

27. So there was a mighty fight that day; and the children of John carried the ball unto Eli's fifty-yard line;

28. And being driven back, they kicked the ball; the children of Eli kicked likewise, and it came to pass that the children of John held the ball on their own twenty-yard line.

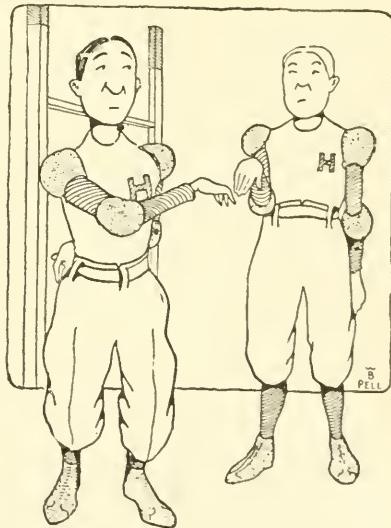
29. But after a season the children of Eli had the ball, and the ball was on John's forty-yard line.

30. So the children of Eli made as though they would go through the centre; and the children of John said "Let us not permit this; hold fast, Harvard."

31. And while Harvard was holding fast in the centre, behold! Metcalf of the Elis was establishing a new trotting record around the end; and he planted the ball on the eight-yard line of John.

32. Then spake Mashall, who was king over the children of John, saying unto his warriors: "Gentlemen, we are in a tight place; some of you do not know one another, and would fain be introduced." So he introduced them, every man to his fellows, that thenceforth they might speak when they should meet; saying "So did our forefathers when they fought at Bunker Hill."

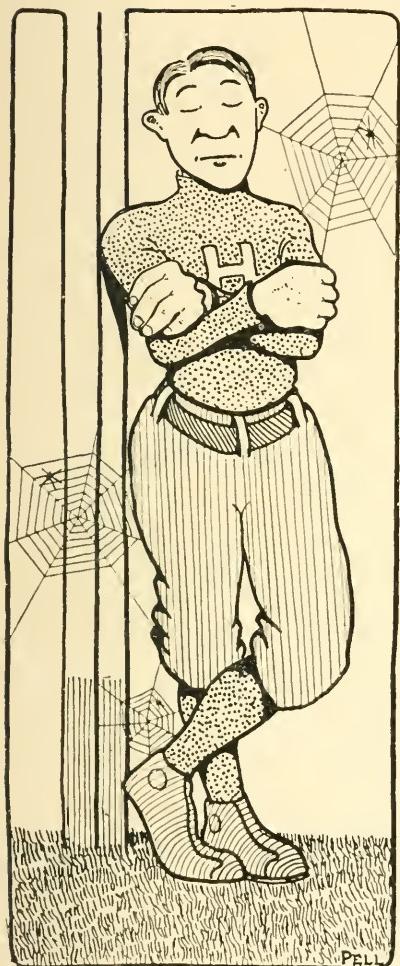
33. And when they had all been introduced, he said, "Gentlemen; you all know one another; now let the crash come."



"So he introduced them, every man to his fellows, that thenceforth they might speak when they should meet."

34. And the crash came as usual; and Eli made a touch-down.
35. But after a time the sons of John waxed exceeding strong, and they rushed the ball far into the territory of the Elis.
36. And the children of John exhorted their warriors, saying unto them: "Fiercely, Harvard" and urging them, saying, "Now fellows, sift through."
37. And all the multitude of the children of John cheered their team, cheering with moderation and delicacy; and when the warriors of John would make a fine play, then would a mighty cheer come from their people, for all the multitude cried out, saying "Ah-h-h!"
38. But when the children of John had rushed the ball even unto Eli's five-yard line, they said "Let us not go to extremes; for extremes be vulgar."
39. So there was no more scoring in that half; and all the people rested them from the fight. Selah.
40. When they were come out again to fight there was one Le Moyne, who was a son of John.
41. And Le Moyne stood behind his own goal line and would fain have kicked the ball, and he stood waiting for it to be passed unto him.
42. But certain of the children of Eli, who were passing that way, looked upon Le Moyne, and said unto him, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" And they said, "Perchance he sleepeth."





"Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

43. But Le Moyne said "No man hath passed the ball to me. I beg your pardon, here it comes now."

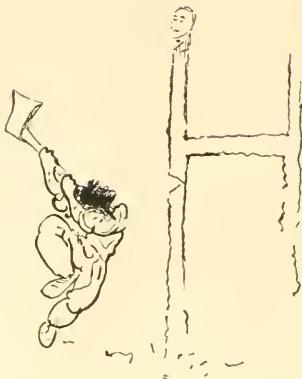
44. And the children of Eli said "Life is short," and they made another touchdown.

45. Then the children of John strove mightily, and after a time they rushed the ball so very nigh unto the goal of Eli that when the ball lay on the ground the shadow thereof fell on the line.

46. And the children of Eli held their breath, but the children of John held the ball.

47. Then Hurley, who was a son of John, took up the ball and rushed mightily with it, and he put his foot upon the line and would fain have crossed it, but he struck the goal-post with his head, and the post yielded not.

48. And certain of the by-standers, seeing how the post moved not, said: "It hath the Harvard Indifference."



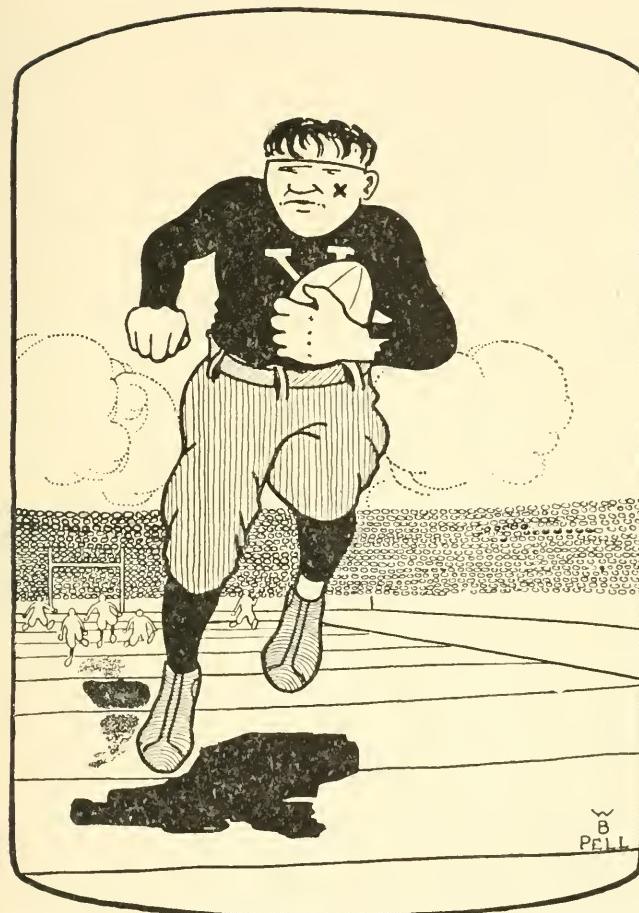
49. Now the children of John had themselves planted the goal-post, and they had made it strong, that it might not yield.

50. For it is written "Cursèd be he that removeth his neighbor's land-marks."

51. So Eli had the ball, and they fought yet a great while more, and the ball went up and down the field; and darkness began to come upon the earth.

52. So after a season, the children of Eli, having nothing better to do, did casually make another touchdown.

53. Then Shevelin of the Elis, being restless, and remembering that the physician had certified unto him that he needed exercise, took up the ball and ran with it eighty yards to make yet another touchdown, that they might get wholesale rates.



*"Remembering that the physician had certified unto him that
he needed exercise."*

THE CHRONICLES OF THE ELIS.

54. But they called him back, for the Governor and Council that be in Massachusetts Bay, and the General Court, had taken counsel together, and they said "These frequent touchdowns of the Elis be bad for the turf"; so they put a sign behind the Harvard goal-posts, saying "Keep off the Grass."

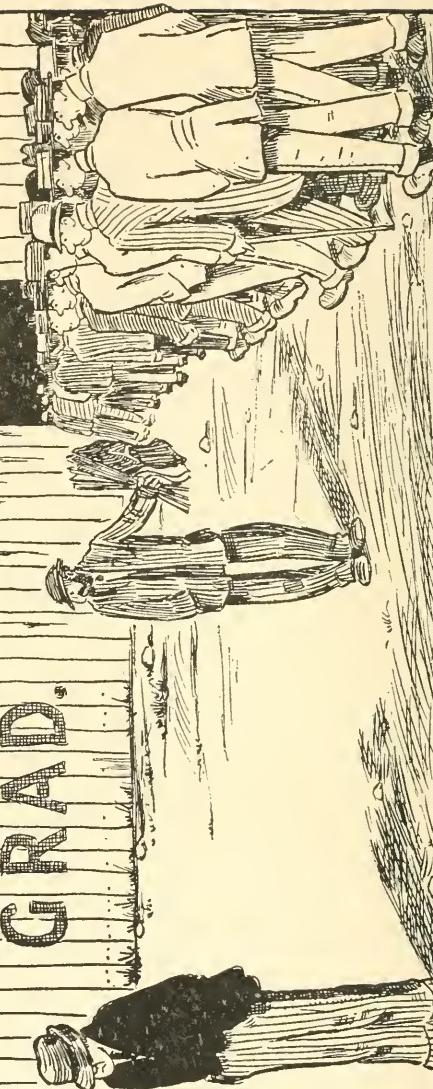
55. So there were no more touendowns that day, and the children of Eli prevailed against the children of John, and went back into their own country.



THE PENITENT HARVARD
GRAD.

HAROLD LIMBIE.

THE PENITENT HARRYARD



THE PENITENT HARVARD GRAD.

"The *Harvard Crimson* says that there is a feeling in Cambridge that the cheering at the Harvard game at Princeton was largely responsible for Princeton's victory, and that this is not fair sport."—*Daily Paper*.

It was an ancient Harvard Grad,
 And he stoppeth one of three;
"By thy broad A and glassy stare,
 "Now wherefore stoppest thou me?"

"My son, they are playing a base-ball game;
 "I can see them going in;
"And eke with my prophetic ear
 "I can hear the rooters' din."

"Why shudderest thou, good Harvard Grad;
 "What ill doth a cheer import?"
"Ha' done! ha' done!" cried the Grad, "My son,
 "To cheer is not fair sport."

THE PENITENT HARVARD GRAD.

"Why do I wear this ill-kempt robe,
"And these visible marks of shame?
"My son, my son, I have evil done;
 "I have cheered at a base-ball game.

"Three bases lay fair to the summer sky;
 "(The fielders were clad in blue;)
"On each base there stood one of Harvard's sons;
 "And the Umpire said 'Strike two'!

"At the bat the Harvard Captain stood;
 "Two out, nor an inning more;
"And it looked as though Yale should that day prevail,
 "For the score stood six to four.

"But across the plate the ball flew straight,
 "And the Captain swung his bat,—
"One crashing blow, and all gazed afar
 "To see where the ball was at.

"It flew o'er the infield, and out to left;
 "For a moment 'twas lost to sight;
And the Harvard Captain tore down to first;
 "Ye Gods! 'twas a thrilling sight!

ACTION BY THE RULES COMMITTEE

“The man on third came tearing in,
“And the man on second scored;
“The man on first swept around and home.
“Like an angel of the Lord!”

“God save thee! gentle Harvard Grad!
“Why dost thou drop thy jaw?”
“Alas! alas! to my endless shame,
“I ejaculated ‘Rah!’

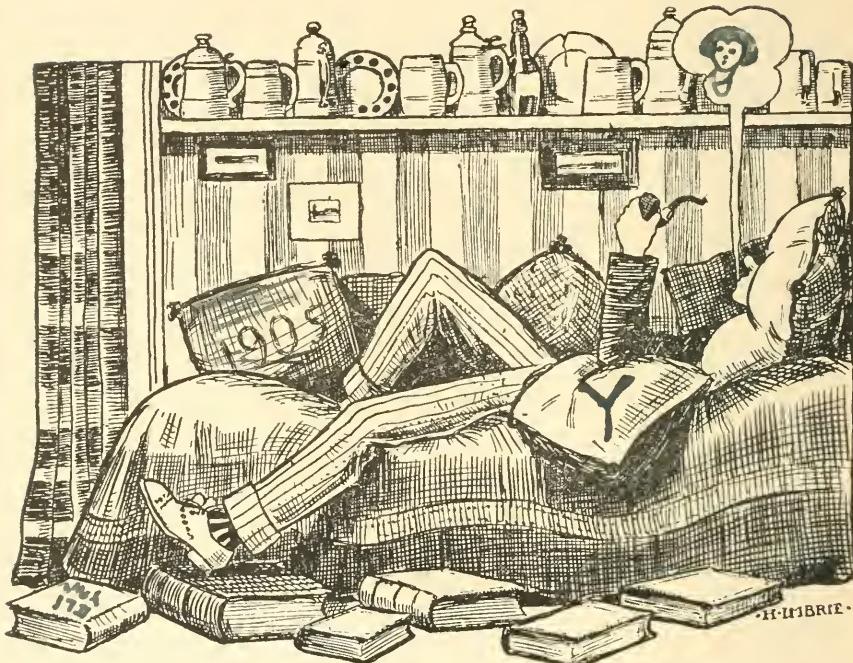
“My fellow-grads turned as in sudden pain;
“‘Pray, tell, who is that rude lout?
“‘Sure, none of us; what does he here
“‘With his low and vulgar shout?’

“They have stricken my name from off the Club.
“To avenge the tribal shame;
“They have bidden the gateman bar me out
“When I fain would attend a game.

“They have passèd a stringent rule for all:—
“Thou mayest read it enacted here:
“‘If a player knock a home-run, let each
“‘Withdraw to his room to cheer;

THE PENITENT HARVARD GRAD.

"Or at most let him write upon his cuff;
 'I have seen, and approve, the play':
That never again may such shame be wrought
 "As was done by me that day."



"I have seen, and approve, the play."

The Old Grad sat him on Deadhead Hill,
 And arrested a furtive tear,
As he watched the Harvard crowd formulate
 A constructive or mental cheer.





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